

A COMPLETE STORY EVERY SATURDAY

The Evening World.

FICTION SECTION

THREE SECTIONS.

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SECTION TWO.

THE WAY IT ALL COMES TRUE

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Homey Love and a Man She Knew, Earning \$60 Per—Sudden Love, but Genuine, of a Millionaire Met by Accident—What Does Maizie Do?

YOU have read about the unlucky girl who didn't belong. She couldn't go to the ball because she didn't have a thing to wear, and nobody had noticed that she was pretty, and besides, she hadn't been invited. Her predicament was all the more poignant because she was so lovely and it wasn't her fault. If she had only had the right frock, everybody would have seen she was beautiful, and she could have danced away with everything she wanted.

At the last moment a rich aunt appears to recognize the beauty that has no setting and the virtue that has no reward. Aunt in her wisdom provides the perfect frock and introduces the perfect man. He falls in love with Cinderella on sight. And they live happily ever after.

There are almost as many variations of this appealing story as there are people who write for the magazines. A succession of happy coincidences is just as useful as a rich aunt; sometimes we have both; and sometimes there is no aunt and no coincidence and no frock, but a prince with the eyes to discover her incomparable quality in a blue gingham apron. But the essential story remains the same; it is the story of the girl without anything who gets the man with everything. She may be a poor school-teacher in a tiny Iowa town, or the girl at the cigar counter in a great metropolitan hotel, or a barefoot daughter of the Tennessee mountains—it does not matter. You know that a handsome young man with money will fall in love with her because she is so much more true, so much more sweet, so much more beautiful than her luckier sisters.

It's a fairy story for unlucky girls—a story in which dreams come true and wishes are furs of real fox, and silk stockings.

It actually happens, too; it all comes true. It all came true for Maizie Maynard—as you may read.

Maizie Maynard was born in one of those little up-State towns with a name like Sharon or Hebron or Lodi that doesn't appear in any ordinary gazetteer—one of those towns where twenty years ago the farmers' horses had stamped out a pit in front of the hitching-racks along Main Street, and where last spring Andrew Johnson stalled his flivver in front of Jenkins' drygoods store. You can imagine a mud-hole that would stop a flivver? But don't imagine that Maizie's other name was "the Rose of Sharon" or anything like that. The Rose of Sharon was a plump and blooming person, the daughter of Doc Hoskins, who kept the Empire State House; and hers is quite another story. Maizie Maynard was a slender thing, with a pale oval face, a bit paler than one likes in a girl of twenty and red hair. They called her "carrot-top" at school, and Maizie was so unhappy about it that her mother often discussed the possibility of dyeing Maizie's hair black, or at least dark brown, and Maizie once made a disastrous experiment in this direction with the juice of the black walnut, which does not cost a dollar a bottle and does not come off anything it touches for a long time.

When Maizie was twenty-one, and it

became evident that if she was to earn a living in the town it would only be by "working out," Mrs. Maynard cast up the list of her relatives and wrote to her cousin Julia Orton in New York City. Cousin Julia replied that "her daughter Lil was making \$25 a week as a stenographer, and her daughter Belle \$20 a week selling suits in a Fifth Avenue store. It sounded like the Arabian Nights to Mrs. Maynard. Within a week she had made over her brown silk for Maizie and packed her off to New York. Maizie passed in an

afternoon from the warm stillness of Main Street to the bright staccato of Washington Heights.

Maizie wrote home that getting used to everything was "awfully hard and frightfully interesting."

The Washington Heights district, seven miles from 42d Street, contains perhaps as great a variety of heights and hopes as any other part of New York. To the east are flats; to the west is the Hudson; between are shops and restaurants and theatres and a great dance-hall and acres of apart-

ments; running alongside is that shining avenue of motors, Riverside Drive. It contains everything, this district, but its dominant note is youth. It is a country of young people. There are thousands and tens of thousands of them, each a little brighter, a little smarter and a little newer than the other. To the beholder of an older day they might seem flip or even cynical. To the insistent moralist they are no better than they should be, loitering every spare moment on the beach all summer, and dancing to jazz music all



SHE WENT DOWN ON HER KNEES, STRUGGLING LIKE A MAD THING. HALF ROSE TO HER FEET, FELL HEADLONG.

winter. (The insistent moralist is always seeing young people in their hours of play and not in their mad rush downtown in the subway for the day's work.) To Maizie Maynard they were of an elegance and a fashion and a wealth once only dreamed of—and now to be attained, cost what it might.

Maizie was to share in the benefits and expenses of the old-fashioned six-room flat in which Cousin Julia Orton and her two daughters lived. She won the instant gratitude of Lil and Belle by volunteering to take on, as part of her share, the dinner-dishes; and with the kindest of intention and the cruellest of wit they gave her the benefit of their sophistication. They greeted her clothes with frank laughter; they called her "Carrots;" they made constant fun of her ignorance. And they boldly invented the "experience" she so conspicuously lacked when she set out to find a job. Maizie feared them and envied them and imitated them.

In a week she had a place selling notions in a neighborhood department store. In a month she had saved enough money to buy a pair of white spats and the high-heeled patent-leather shoes to go with them. In six months she had dropped every trace of rural New York from her speech and learned to say, "Believe me, kid," and "Where do you get that stuff?" with quite the New York pronunciation.

Yes, Maizie learned; Maizie learned fast; but Maizie didn't learn fast enough to suit herself. She never woke up in the morning without wishing she were back in Sharon. She never got through with the dinner dishes early enough to be in the parlor when the young men who admired Lil and Belle arrived. And in six months she had not acquired nerve enough to go in after they arrived. She knew them all by sight, because she had often surveyed them through the crack between the folding-doors that separated the dining-room and the parlor. But none of them had ever been introduced to her. Maizie had acquired rouge, and an eyebrow pencil and a lip-stick. Maizie had learned to do her thick red hair down over her ears and in the back of her neck and to hold it there with a net. But Maizie Maynard had not learned the art of accepting the attentions of young men. There hadn't been any attentions.

When Lil and Belle had gone off to movie or dance hall with their escorts of the evening, Maizie slipped into the parlor and played hymns on the small piano in weathered oak, and thrilled with her own sorrow. When Mrs. Orton went to bed, Maizie shut the door and practised the arts of Lil and Belle, with due regard to the mirror.

One Sunday afternoon—Sunday dinner was at 1 o'clock—when Maizie had done the dishes and hung up her apron and spent twenty minutes in front of the mirror, the door bell rang.

Maizie languidly pushed the button that released the latch of the hall door, three flights down, and peered over the banisters to see who was coming up. Her view of him was a bird's-eye one, but she recognized him instantly; it was Joe Davis. Maizie's heart gave a little skip—for Joe Davis was the most prized of all the suitors who came to the Orton flat; Joe Davis was a city salesman for the distributors of the famous Wabash Twin-Two Motor Car, and he had what none of the others had—a car of his own to drive. Maizie's heart gave a little skip—but her well-trained fingers flitted expertly over the coils of hair that concealed her ears, assuring her that all was well. Maizie had not practised for nothing.

"Hello there," Mr. Davis called from the bottom of the last flight.

"How do you do?" said Maizie Maynard.

Mr. Davis looked up sharply.

"Oh," he said, "I beg your pardon, I—"

"I'm Miss Maynard," said Maizie.

"I'm Davis," said the young man.

"Aren't Lil and Belle at home?"

"They went out about twenty minutes ago," Maizie said.

The young man, hat in hand, considered a moment.

Maizie did an amazing thing—unless one considers her habit of practising before mirrors all that she had observed in Lil and Belle. She said, with the manner of one who had been saying it all her life:

"Won't you come in?"

"Sure," said Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis removed his overcoat with the freedom of one who knows the house well. Maizie sat on the piano stool.

Mr. Davis was a clear-skinned young man with a good chin, who had come about as near in his dress to realizing the ideal of the clothing manufacturers' advertisements as is possible. His clothes were so new that they creaked. He had a certain dignity, too, the dignity that goes with a sixty-dollar-a-week job, a dignity tempered by a smile that had done as much as hard work and honest argument to win signatures to those dotted lines which assured his employers that the prospect had become a customer, paying \$375 down and the balance in ten monthly installments of \$22.50 each. Mr. Davis now smiled at Maizie. Again Maizie's expert fingers flitted over her back hair—a concealed reflex of her perturbation.

used to sing in the choir."

"I can't play well," Maizie interposed. "I—"

"Do you know 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' from India's Coral Strand?"

"Sure," said Maizie.

Mr. Davis jumped to his feet.

"Play it, will you?"

Maizie spun herself round on the piano stool.

"I don't know if I can," she said, "but I'll try."

Joe Davis hummed the air; Maizie found the chords. In another moment his voice filled the little flat.

When Lil and Belle came back, Joe Davis and Maizie Maynard were singing hymns together as if they had known each other all their lives.

"What do you know about this?" cried Lil.

Maizie's touch faltered. Joe Davis paused.

"Carrots!" said Belle with mock horror.

Maizie wilted.

"Been waiting long, Joe?" Lil asked.

"No," said Joe Davis. He looked at his watch. "Why, I have too. Maizie, you and I have been singing for an hour!"

"Let's beat it," said Belle. "Let's get Johnny Fulton and go somewhere

we came back he was singing with 'Carrots.' Hymns!"

Maizie got up and left the table and rushed out. She was convinced that she had made a fool of herself after all. Maizie was so near to tears that she did not know it was raining until she was half way to the store and her white spats were spattered with mud and the thin soles of her pumps soaked through. Dully she waited on women who wanted sewing-machine needles, or tape, or hairpins; dully she ate her lunch of two eclairs and an ice cream soda; dully she started home in the rain. It had been raining all day, hard showers alternating with a steady drizzle. Maizie walked along, holding a newspaper over her hat and contemplating the ruin of her patent-leather pumps—a week's wages. The rain came harder. Maizie started to run. The wind tore at the newspaper. Maizie gripped it harder and ran faster, her head ducked. She glanced up as she reached Riverside Drive, saw a clear space, darted across the wet asphalt.

Something enormous tapped her on the shoulder; she went down on her knees, struggled like a mad thing, half rose to her feet, fell headlong. She felt somebody tugging at her, lifting her.

"Are you badly hurt?" said a voice in her ear.

"No," she gasped, and felt herself slipping into sleep, into unconsciousness.

"Look out—she's fainting!" shrieked a woman.

Maizie smiled faintly, and slept.



JOE AND MAIZIE WERE SINGING HYMNS TOGETHER AS IF THEY HAD KNOWN EACH OTHER ALL THEIR LIVES.

"I'm expecting Lil and Belle back almost any minute," she said, "so if you don't mind waiting"—

"I've got all the time in the world," said Joe Davis.

Maizie extended a hand toward the loose pile of the Sunday paper on the centre table.

"Shall I get you something to read?"

"Sure," said Joe Davis, "but you aren't flattering yourself, are you?"

Maizie flushed prettily.

"Not as a conversationalist," she admitted.

"I hope I'm not keeping you."

"Not at all," Maizie said. "I haven't any date for this afternoon. In fact, I was just sitting here all by myself playing hymns when you came in."

"Say," said Joe Davis, "what hymns do you know? I haven't heard a hymn since I left Bloomsburg, Pa., and I

out to Rockaway and dance."

"Sure," said Joe Davis. "Want to come along, Maizie?"

"Oh, she never goes anywhere," Lil said roughly. "She can't dance."

Maizie was conscious of Joe's glance.

"No," she said, "I—I couldn't go."

She wondered afterward what Lil and Belle would have commented had she said: "Sure, I'd like to go." She wondered if it would always be like that. She went over every detail of her hour with Joe Davis, examining it to see how she had conducted herself, and what his response had been, and she concluded that he must have liked her. He had called her Maizie. The next morning, at breakfast, Belle paused between gulps of coffee to say: "Maw, whatdya think? Yesterday afternoon Joe was here while Lil and I were out, and whatdya think? When

MAIZIE opened her eyes, felt a wave of nausea go through her body and closed them again. She had been dreaming that some one had said she was beautiful, and she wanted to recapture the delicious sense of that dream. But she could not. Her body ached; her head rang; she was sick. Slowly, with infinite pain, she raised her eyelids. The light blinded her; bright dots swam before her eyes, swam like little hard points of incredible brilliance in a mist of light. She made out a mirror on a wall, a vase full of roses, a figure in the stiffly starched uniform of a trained nurse.

The figure advanced upon her with a swift gesture.

"Was—it—an—automobile?" Maizie asked.

"Yes," said the nurse. "But you're all right. Everything's all right. You must go to sleep."

"Could—I—have—a—glass—of water?" Maizie asked.

"Yes," said the nurse, "if you'll sleep a little first."

Maizie felt herself drifting in the mist.

"I'll—," she began, and went off into unconsciousness.

When she awoke it was to the sound of whispered consultation. A big man with gray mustache leaned over her.

"How are you?" he asked in a pleasant voice.

Maizie was wide awake now. Her body still ached, but the bright spots no longer danced in the hot mist before her eyes.

"What have I got?" she asked.

"You've got a broken leg," said the doctor.

"Oh," said Maizie, pretending that this made everything clear.

"But you're all right; I set it myself."

His tone implied that there could be no possible question about the future usefulness of a leg that he himself had set.

Maizie endeavored to sit up. The doctor put up a large, firm hand on her shoulder.

"I wouldn't do that just yet," he said gravely.

"But they won't know where I am," Maizie began. "They'll be expecting me."

A tall woman on whose face anxiety was so plain that it struck Maizie as funny came into the room with a little rush.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried. "Your aunt and your cousins have been here to see you. And we've telegraphed

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your mother. Is there any one else?"

The name that passed through Maizie's mind in that moment was "Joe Davis," but she did not speak it.

"How long?" she asked. "How long will I?"

"Five or six weeks," the woman admitted. "We're so awfully sorry. But we'll do everything we can to make it pleasant for you—everything. My brother is just sick about it—just sick!"

"It's all right," Maizie said. "It was my own fault."

"No, Horace shouldn't have been driving so fast on a wet pavement. He recognizes that."

"It's all right," said Maizie.

"Oh, I do hope you'll tell him so. He feels so awfully guilty."

Maizie smiled. The woman came closer.

"I'm Eugenia Van Blarcom," she said. "It was my brother Horace Van Blarcom—he was driving when we struck you."

"It's all right," said Maizie.

Maizie Maynard had not yet learned to read the New York papers. She did not recognize the name of Horace Van Blarcom. She did not know that of all New York's reformers he was the youngest and most earnest and most regularly defeated. But when Miss Van Blarcom had left her alone, and Maizie examined the brown old mahogany in her room, and the brocaded hangings, and fingered the nightgown of crepe de chine in which she found herself, she guessed very near the truth: she guessed that the Van Blarcoms were millionaires.

THE next morning Miss Van Blarcom came in with a bed-jacket of diaphanous green silk trimmed with fur.

"I tried," she said, "to find something that would be becoming with your beautiful hair."

Maizie's hand involuntarily touched her back hair, but it was braided in a pigtail.

"My hair is red," she said stupidly.

"The most beautiful red I ever saw," said Miss Van Blarcom.

Maizie looked at Miss Van Blarcom. Maizie had always thought of her hair as ugly, and on her mother's advice she had always chosen colors that would as nearly as possible match it in order to tone it down. Miss Van Blarcom was incapable of not being serious.

She now helped the nurse prop Maizie up in bed and put on the jacket, and tilted the mirror to the right angle. Maizie regarded herself with interest. It was becoming. It must have cost \$40 or \$50.

"The jacket," she said to Miss Van Blarcom, "is beautiful."

"But your hair—your hair is simply glorious; it is like a flame—it is beautiful!" Miss Van Blarcom spoke with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur.

"I don't like red hair," said Maizie flatly.

"Oh, how can you say such a thing?"

Miss Van Blarcom beamed on Maizie.

"And now—won't you let me introduce my brother?"

"S—" Maizie hesitated. She had been about to say "Sure!" and that abrupt word seemed somehow out of place in the Van Blarcoms' house. "I should be very glad," she amended hastily.

Mr. Van Blarcom was a tall man with a small mustache, so shy, so clumsy and so kind that Maizie felt an odd impulse to put him at his ease.

"How do you do?" she said, and extended her hand.

Mr. Van Blarcom took it in his.

"If there is anything I can do for you"—he began.

"You're doing—enough," said Maizie.

"I want you to have everything," he answered. "I want you to stay here until you're just as well as you ever were—and as long after that as you will—as our guest. And I know that—well, you see?"

"It's all right," said Maizie.

Mr. Van Blarcom dropped her hand and walked back and forth. Suddenly he looked up.

"What I'm trying to say is that I

have injured you, and the only way—the only thing I have to give is money. But I've got a lot of that, and you are entitled to damages—considerable damages. But we'll settle all that later."

"That's all right," said Maizie.

Mr. Van Blarcom looked at her quizzically.

"Eugenia is perfectly right," he said. "I beg your pardon for saying so—but you are beautiful. I shall begin to think that I ran you down on purpose."

Maizie did not know what to say.

might send her a telegram, and to assure them that she would have the best care in the world.

Lil interrupted the steady flow of Belle's words.

"He said: 'Dr. Foxcroft has set her leg—Dr. Ernest Foxcroft.'"

They all laughed.

Lil and Belle paused on their way out, and Lil stepped back into the room.

"Joe Davis sent his regards, honey," she said, "and he said to tell you that when you got out you were going to learn to dance if he had to teach you

trous silk, and stockings, and pumps, and a curious dress of Chinese green.

"It's a negligee, and yet it's perfectly suitable to wear anywhere," Miss Van Blarcom assured her.

Maizie got into the things with the aid of the maid and the nurse and many exclamations from Miss Van Blarcom. There was no lace on them, and they were ivory white; but they were wonderfully soft and shimmering. It occurred to Maizie that Miss Van Blarcom might have got more for her money—more frills. And pink would have been nicer. But after all they were really lovely.

Maizie examined the pump on her right foot and wiggled her toes. (Her left leg was still in splints.) She did not like the pump; it was not patent leather but soft dull kid, and the heel was hardly more than half an inch high; and it seemed awfully long. She did not like the stocking, either. Maizie liked sheer stockings, and the one was of the heaviest silk.

"Does the pump feel all right?" Miss Van Blarcom asked.

"It is comfortable," said Maizie.

"I hoped it would be—and it's really very smart."

"It is all right," said Maizie. She was not going to hurt Miss Van Blarcom's feelings by criticising her taste.

"And now the dress!"

The maid slipped it over Maizie's head.

Miss Van Blarcom stood off and regarded it with a frown between her eyes.

"It hangs very nicely," she decided. "A Polart dress always hangs."

Maizie looked at her reflection in the mirror. It was a curious sort of dress, almost straight. There was nothing to it. And the color was strange, the embroidery even stranger. Maizie looked very strange to herself.

Miss Van Blarcom fluttered about while the maid worked with Maizie's hair. Maizie might have been a piece of sculpture from Miss Van Blarcom's own hand, a piece of sculpture that had suddenly and amazingly come to life.

Maizie watched the coil gradually shaping itself in the mirror. The maid was doing it high. Maizie did not like it high.

"I always do it low," she protested. She made the gesture of coiling a heavy lock over one ear. The maid paused.

"But, my dear, please," begged Miss Van Blarcom, "please let us do it our way this once. I have a vision of you that I want to come true."

Maizie acquiesced. What else was there to do?

WHEN the maid had finished, Miss Van Blarcom clasped her hands.

"My dear," she said, "you are lovely, perfectly lovely!"

"I'm awfully pale," Maizie said. "I need to be made up."

"Oh, no-o-o-o! You are so beautifully pale."

"And I haven't any corsets," said Maizie. "Everything is so loose."

"But that is as it should be," Miss Van Blarcom cried. "You are so slender—you are like a flower. You are perfect."

Maizie ceased to argue. There was no use arguing with Miss Van Blarcom. She was really, Maizie reflected, an old maid, and she did not know what fashion was, and she was perhaps a little bit crazy besides. Maizie was resolved to humor her.

They wheeled Maizie into the library and put her in a low chair of red morocco with cushions two feet deep, before an open fire, and gave her tea; and Mr. Van Blarcom came in, and said she was a vision, and he hoped she would never leave them, and insisted on reading aloud to her from a volume of poetry.

Maizie was half asleep when Joe called. Mr. Van Blarcom threw down the poems and jumped up.

"Shall I send him up here?" he asked.

"Would you please?" Maizie asked. Her cheeks felt hot.

Joe regarded her from the doorway. "Hello!" said Maizie.

Joe advanced toward her. He had a box of chocolates in his hand.

"Gee," said Joe Davis, "you look good to me."

"Do I?" asked Maizie.

"You sure do. I don't think I got how pretty you were that day we sang hymns together. I was so glad to find somebody who knew the songs



MAIZIE EXAMINED THE PUMP ON HER RIGHT FOOT AND WIGGLED HER TOES.

and so she raised her eyebrows.

"May I come again?" he asked.

"Surely," she murmured.

Maizie lay still, enjoying herself in the mirror, and wondering idly what manner of man Mr. Van Blarcom was. His clothes were not at all elegant; they were of some very rough stuff and quite unpressed. He was very strange, but he was nice—at least he meant to be. Maizie was not in the least afraid of him.

Toward evening Lil and Belle arrived. They greeted Maizie in whispers.

"Shut the door," said Maizie. Belle obeyed. "Now," said Maizie, "you can talk."

"Now what'dya think, Maizie," said Lil, "there's a footman at the front door in a blue coat and silver buttons!"

"Look at Maizie!" cried Belle. "Look at that jacket!"

She leaned over and fingered the fur and the silk.

"It must have cost \$100," said Lil.

"It cost nearer \$200," said Belle. "Did she lend it to you?"

"She gave it to me," said Maizie.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Lil in mock pain, "and here we all thought you were unlucky!"

THEY sat on the edge of Maizie's bed and, both talking at once, told her how Mr. Van Blarcom had come dashing up the stairs at 9 o'clock the night of the accident to tell them where she was and to get her mother's address that he

himself—and he's some swell dancer, believe me."

Maizie went off to sleep, thinking she wasn't so unlucky after all.

In the morning there was a letter from her mother and a set of ivory toilet things from Miss Van Blarcom, a set so complete that Maizie did not know the uses of half the pieces; and a bunch of violets imbedded in tinfoil and tied with a purple gauze ribbon.

"There's a card with the violets," the nurse said.

Maizie seized it. It was Joe Davis's card. And on the back he had written: "When are we going to sing some more hymns?"

Maizie wore the violets that day, and the next.

But before the first week was up she settled down into a monotonous routine. Belle and Lil came in for a few minutes every day or two; the doctor came every day; the nurse was always there; Miss Van Blarcom brought her some sort of present every day; and Mr. Van Blarcom came in and smiled his quizzical smile, and offered to read aloud to her. But it was very lonely, lonelier than Sharon, and very tiresome. Maizie counted the days until the cast on her leg could be removed.

When the time came, Miss Van Blarcom appeared with a maid and armfuls of things.

"I've been studying you," she announced to Maizie. "And I do hope I've got some things you'll like."

There were undergarments of lus-

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I used to sing that I hardly looked at you."

"I loved it," Maizie said. "When are we going to sing 'em again? You don't have to stay here much longer, do you?"

"A week or two. I can begin walking on crutches right away. They're coming to-morrow."

"I meant to come and see you before. But I was afraid I was butting in," Joe explained.

"You weren't," Maizie said. "I hoped you'd come."

"Well," said Joe, "I'll come again. But this house sort of gets my goat. It's a palace. Maizie, I feel as if I was calling on the Queen of England."

"It sort of gets me too," Maizie admitted, "but it won't be long now before I'll be back home."

Joe rose. "Well," he said, "I've got to be going."

"Do come again, Joe," she pleaded. "I will"—he smiled the smile that had sold so many Wabash Twin-Twos—"as soon as I can get up the nerve."

Maizie almost cried when he had gone. Had Joe called out of anything but the kindness of heart? He had said she "looked good to him" as if he meant it. Perhaps the Poiret dress suited her after all. But she would have liked nothing better than to get out of it at that moment. She felt only half dressed in it. She felt she didn't belong in this house—palace, Joe had called it. That was it; she didn't belong.

MAIZIE had tea every afternoon in the library. Sometimes Miss Van Blarcom was there and sometimes not. But Mr. Van Blarcom always came. Occasionally they talked; occasionally he read aloud; and occasionally he sat and gazed at her as if she were a picture. One afternoon he came over to her low chair and took

her hand in his.

"Maizie"—he said, and his voice trembled.

Maizie looked up at him with a sudden frightened sense of her own helplessness.

"Maizie, you aren't going to leave us, are you?"

"I must, soon," Maizie said.

"I hadn't meant to tell you so soon. But I want you to stay here always. I want to marry you. I love you."

Maizie dropped her eyes. She did not know how to answer him. She could not refuse, and she could not accept—not possibly.

But when she was alone she could not think. She could only see one picture of herself after another. She wept for the picture of herself as she had been when she left Sharon—home. And weeping, she went to sleep.

There was an incoherent letter from Mrs. Maynard two mornings later, a letter the sense of which was that Maizie was very lucky indeed, or else very unlucky. In any case she was lost to her mother. Lil and Belle called in the late afternoon. They looked at Maizie with a kind of awe, as if she were something fragile from another world.

But the next afternoon, when Joe Davis called, she was suddenly very wide awake.

"Is it so?" he asked.

"I guess it is," she said.

"Well," said Joe, "I'm sorry. I've been thinking of you a lot. And—you'll laugh, but I'm going to tell you anyhow. There's a four-room flat for rent up in Rogers Park that I pass every day or two, and every time I see it I think of you. It's kind of funny, now—four rooms when you're going to have forty."

Joe rose. "I just wanted to get it off my chest," he said. "I feel better now that you know just what my hopes had been."

He held out his hand to Maizie. "I wish it wasn't true, but seeing it is—here's all the luck in the world, and all the happiness too!"

"Thank you, Joe."

He turned quickly and walked toward the door. Maizie caught her breath.

"Joe," she cried. "Joe!"

Joe came slowly back. "Joe!" she said.

With a quick sweep of his arms he held her fast—kissed her.

"I—d-d-don't want to m-m-marry him," Maizie sobbed into his shoulder. "I—I—I want to go home."

Joe Davis stroked her hair very gently.

"It's for you to say, honey," he answered.

She lifted her face then and asked: "Can we see that flat now, Joe?"

Which of course they could—and did. For after a fashion this must be somewhat more common in life than it is in fiction; that was the only way it could all come true for Maizie Maynard.

THE END.

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NEXT SATURDAY'S COMPLETE STORY

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

A Story Alive With the Spirit of Modern Youth—and in Which Youth Scores a Threefold Triumph in Love, Business and Society.

ORDER YOUR EVENING WORLD IN ADVANCE

"You don't have to answer now," he went on. "But if you don't mind, I'm going to write your mother. Do you mind?"

"No," said Maizie very low.

Miss Van Blarcom tucked Maizie in bed that night.

"Horace has told me, my dear," she said. "I'm so glad. I—Horace is the finest man in the world, my dear."

"I know," said Maizie softly. She wanted to be left alone in the dark to think.

"My Gawd," said Lil, "it's just like Cinderella!"

"He certainly is a prince," Belle agreed.

"The coach and four will be a Rolls-Royce," said Lil.

Belle looked at Maizie intently.

"Can you ever get used to it?" she asked.

Maizie only smiled. She had no sense that it was really true. It felt more like a dream which the cold reality of morning was sure to dispel.

The Evening World's

WEEK-END TRICKS AND PUZZLES

Clip Out, Paste on Cardboard or Heavy Paper and Save With Others for Binding in a Book.

The Mathematical Wizard.

HERE is a mathematical trick by which you can make your audience believe that you are a mind reader, or a real wizard, according to the manner in which you present it.

If you work alone, simply announce to your audience that by a feat of wizardry you will write down the answer to a problem in addition, involving five columns of five figures each, before any of the figures, save those in the first line, are set down.

Then you select your victim and order him to set down a row of five single numbers, ending in any even number.

Suppose, for example, he sets down

53764

You immediately write on a slip of paper

253762

That will be the correct sum of the figures to be added. To obtain it you deduct 2 from the last number in the row and simply add it to the line, ahead of the first number. Fold the slip and ask him to put it into his pocket without looking at it.

Here's how the rest of the trick is done:

Ask him to set down another line of numbers under the first—it can end in either an odd or an even number.

Suppose he sets down

29851

Then you set down under this line numbers that will in each case add up to nine with the number immediately above it. Your numbers would then read

70148

Ask him to set down another line. Suppose it is

65327

Then you add the fifth line, adding up to nines as before, your line reading

34672

Ask him to add up the five numbers, which will—in fact must—total

253762

Then ask him to look at the slip of paper in his pocket. It will have this answer written on it.

You can make this trick even more mystifying if you work with a con-

federate, who, of course, must know how the trick is done.

Announce that you will exhibit a real feat of mind reading and ask your confederate, casually, to help you. Ask to be blindfolded, and when that is done, in addition turn your back. Then instruct your helper to get one of the others to set down a line of five numbers, ending in an even number. When this is done, your helper, as though to be sure of the final number, reads them off, half aloud, saying, for example:

"31756—That's right, it ends even."

Quickly memorize it, then say, "Be careful—don't let me hear you any more," and as if to insure silence move to a far corner of the

YOUR	276936
ANS.	
HIS	76938
LINE	
HIS	54421
LINE	
YOUR	45578
LINE	
HIS	39264
LINE	
YOUR	60735
LINE	
HIS	276936
ANS.	

room. Mentally deduct the 2 from the final 6 and add it ahead of the first number making

231754

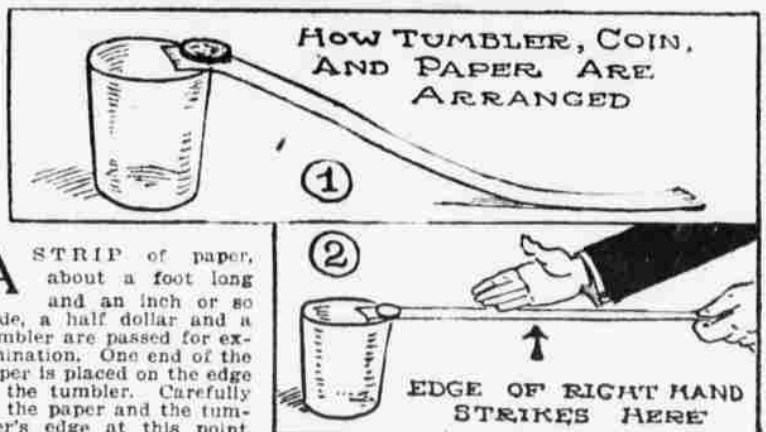
Your helper then carries through the rest of the trick until the numbers are added, when you merely ask that some one look at the answer, hold it to his forehead, and think of it. After a moment's apparent thought you announce the answer:

231754

which, to their amazement, is correct.

To show that the trick, properly carried out, always "works," a different set of figures is set down in the accompanying illustration.

A Coin and Tumbler Problem.



A STRIP of paper, about a foot long and an inch or so wide, a half dollar and a tumbler are passed for examination. One end of the paper is placed on the edge of the tumbler. Carefully on the paper and the tumbler's edge at this point, the half dollar is balanced. The illustration (a) shows how the arrangement ought to appear.

The problem is to remove the paper strip and leave the coin balanced on the edge of the glass. It does not require much knowledge of the subject of inertia to know that if the paper is jerked suddenly from under the coin, the coin will hold its position. At any rate, your friends will try this with (to you) more or less amusing results.

Here is the method by which it may be accomplished.

Pick up the free end of the paper with the left hand. Hold it as nearly straight as you can. Now with the right hand strike it a sharp blow at its center. This will jerk the paper from under the coin without dragging the money off the edge.

To make your friends' failure to perform the trick more amusing, the glass may be nearly filled with water.

A Trick With a Watch.

TAKE your watch in one hand and a pencil in the other. Ask a friend to concentrate his mind upon any hour. Tell him that you will tap with your pencil on various numbers on the dial and that he is to count with each tap, beginning with the hour he decided upon. That is, if he thought of six, he would count six for the first tap, seven for the next, and so on. When his counting (which, of course, is to be done silently) reaches twenty he is to say "Stop." When he tells you to stop show him the dial of the watch. The pencil will be pointing at the number of which he thought.

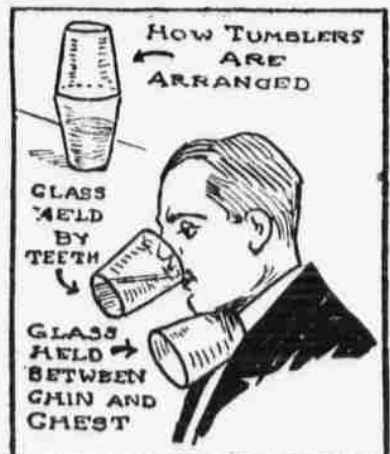
There are various ways of doing the trick but the following is the easiest and most practical. It is important that you do not permit the spectator to see the face of the watch while you are tapping, as he might discover the means by which the trick is performed.

Your first tap will be on 8 o'clock. The second will be on 7 o'clock, the next on 6 o'clock and so on—going backward around the dial. When he reaches twenty, your pencil will be pointing to the correct figure.

This trick works in well with any of the "fading the thought of number" tricks that are so well known. As the performer does not ask a single question, however, it is much more puzzling.

The Tumbler Mystery.

NOW for a real puzzler. Nearly fill a tumbler with water and place it on a table, not too far away from the edge. Invert on it another tumbler. That's all.

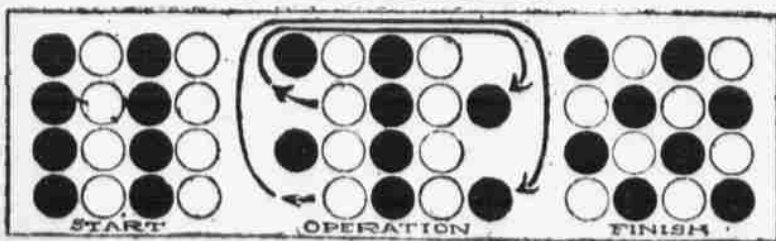


The problem is to drink the water without touching either tumbler with the hands. At the conclusion of the trick the tumblers must be left just the same as at the beginning, save for the absence of the water. Here is how it can be done but don't be in a hurry to explain. Let them puzzle for a while. It will do them good.

Bend over. Lift the upper tumbler by holding its base firmly between your chin and the upper part of your chest. This is not difficult if you make sure that you have the tumbler held securely before you lift. Now take the edge of the lower glass in your teeth. By using great care when you lean your head back and by taking your time, you can drain every drop.

Replace the glass on the table and gently lower the other on it. The trick is accomplished!

The Sixteen Coin Puzzle.



YOU'LL need sixteen coins. Arrange them as in the illustration. Reading across the coins are head, tail, head, tail. Reading down, however, they do not alternate. The object of the puzzle is to remove two coins and exchange them for two others so that reading up and down as well as across the heads and tails will alternate.

The second illustration shows better

than words can describe just how the thing is done. The third shows the feat accomplished.

The second and fourth coins of the first (vertical) row are removed and carried around to the other side of the square. These then push the three coins remaining in the horizontal rows into the positions required for the successful performance of the trick.